Then to suspition.
Oth. I will not.
Iag. Should you doe so my Lord,
My speech should fall into such vile successe,
As my thoughts aime not at: *Cassio's* my worthy friend:
My Lord, I see you are moou'd,
Oth. No, not much moou'd,
I doe not thinke but *Desdemona's* honest.
Iag. Long liue she so, and long liue you to thinke so.
Oth. And yet how nature erring from it selfe.
Iag. I, there's the point: as to be bold with you,
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her owne clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things, nature tends;
Fie we may smell in such a will most ranke,
Foule disproportion, thoughts vnnaturall.
But pardon me: I doe not in position,
Distinctly speake of her, tho I may feare
Her will recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fall to match you with her countrey formes,
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, if more
Thou doest perceiue, let me know more, set on
Thy wife to obserue: leaue me *Iago*.
Iag. My Lord I take my leaue.
Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtlesse
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfolds.
Iag My Lord, I would I might intreat your honour,
To scan this thing no further, leaue it to time,
And though tis fit that *Cassio* haue his place,
(For sure he fills it vp with great ability,)
Yet if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that, perceiue him and his meanes;
Note if your Lady straine her entertainement,
With any strong or vehement importunity,
Much will be seene in that, in the meane time,
Let me be thought too busie in my feares,
(As worthy cause I haue, to feare I am:)

And

And hold her free, I doe beseech you honour.
Oth. Feare not my gouernement.
Iag. I once more take my leaue. *Exit.*
Oth. This fellowe's of exceeding honesty,
And knowes all quantities, with a learned spirit
Of humane dealings: If I doe prooue her haggard,
Tho that her Iesses were my deare heart strings,
I'de whistle her off, and let her downe the wind,
To prey at fortune. Happily, for I am blacke,
And haue not those soft parts of conuersation,
That Chamberers haue, or for I am declind
Into the vale of yeares, yet that's not much,
Shee's gone, I am abus'd, and my releife
Must be to loath her: O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites: I had rather be a Toade,
And liue vpon the vapor in a dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in a thing I loue,
For others vses: yet tis the plague of great ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then the base,
Tis desteny, vnshunnable, like death:
Euen then this forked plague is fated to vs,
When we doe quicken: *Desdemona* comes,
If she be false, O then heauen mocks it selfe,
Ile not beleeue it.

Enter Desdemona *and* Emillia.

Des. How now my deare *Othello?*
Your dinner, and the generous Ilander
By you inuited, doe attend your presence.
Oth. I am to blame.
Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?
Oth. I haue a paine vpon my forehead, heare.
Des. Why that's with watching, t'will away againe;
Let me but bind it hard, within this houre
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin is too little:
Let it alone, come Ile go in with you.
Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

Em.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.28) Octavo